A

POEM

(By way of ELEGIE)

UPON

Mr Stephen Colledge,

Vulgarly known by the Name of

The PROTESTANT JOYNER.

18. Aug. 1681.

AH *Colledge!* how relentleſs is thy Fate,
That will not grant to Life a longer date!
No *Cordial Ignoramus* can retrieve
Thy fainting Spirits, and new *Vitals* give.
Since the too long and laſt *Farewel* you took,
How lonely ſeems the *Coffee-houſe* to look!
Your long beloved *Twiſt*, that us'd to be
Sedition mixt with little *Loyalty*,
Complains of your long abſence, and doth fear
Some *Rival Twiſt* will entertain you there.
Circl'd within her *Hempen Arms*, you'll be
Rapt in ſurprizing Sweets of *Extaſie*:
There to unenvi'd Bliſs you'll ſafely ſoar,
Till *Breath* begin to fail, and you give o'er.

Great Martyr, *Stephen*, who ſhall now ſucceed
To lance Religion till the *Beldam* bleed?

Under whoſe circumſpection will you ſee
Your Infant-*Libels* that in time may be
Fomenters of your *fatal Jealouſie* ?
Was't thus you ſought for Libertie and eaſe,
Redreſs of Grievances, and endleſs Peace ?
Incorrigible *Zealot !* ſigh, and ſee
How painfully you've drudg'd for miſery.
Thus the too active *Sun*, himſelf betrays,
Exhaling *Miſts* that intercept his *Rays*.

But now he dies, his *Stratagems* do fail :
Heark how the whining *Puritans* bewail.
Their Shams and Train of Oaths diſcover'd lay ;
Let them ſeek eaſier people to betray.
Yet on their Darling *Colledge* we'll beſtow
An artleſs *Monumental* Verſe or two.

HEre lies the man that zealouſly won'd be
Pretending Union *and* Liberty :
But now his Glew-pot's *uſeleſs, 'tis too late ;*
He cannot piece the breaches of the State.

FINIS.

London : Printed for *J. Bowen.* 1681.